

WHY MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT, JR., IS CONTENTED.

Ideal Life Led by the Young Woman Who Loves Her Husband, Loves Her Baby, Loves Her Dog and Loves Society.



MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT OF NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.
There are several reasons why Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., is the most contented woman in the world:

- ◆ Her husband is the champion automobile.
- ◆ Her baby, Virginia J., walks at the age of 1.
- ◆ Her father-in-law, Willie K., Sr., is very fond of her.
- ◆ She has the Fair millions in her own right.
- ◆ She has a swift yacht, the Virginia.
- ◆ She has youth, beauty and good temper.
- ◆ She owns the smallest dog in the world.
- ◆ Her home in San Francisco is always waiting for her, as is her home in New York.
- ◆ Her taste in dress is unquestioned.
- ◆ Her popularity is unbounded.

When young W. K. Vanderbilt selected for a wife Miss Virginia Fair of California, society said "It is not right." So many of the young millionaires had gone West—a wrong that both Mrs. Grundy and Dame Fashion, with Father Knickerbocker backing them, declared that for once the millionaire should stay at home and find him a wife among the Gothamites. But the millionaire thought differently. And Miss Fair became engaged to one of the greatest catches of the century. There was a romance attending the wedding, though it was not the conventional kind of romance. Miss Fair had been a friend of Mrs. O. H. Belmont, the mother of Young Vanderbilt, and it was through his mother's eyes that he learned to admire her. This is most unusual. Seldom, indeed, does a young man love a girl because his mother loves her, and when young Vanderbilt began to admire the girl of

his mother's choice, society put up its hands and murmured "Marvelous." Wedded in a Bower of Roses Named After Bride.

The wedding day was set and, in a bower of roses, named after the bride, the pair were wedded. Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs opened her house to them and, by her sister's side, the bride received the congratulations and good wishes of the world. With the groom devoted to the latest fad, that of running an auto, and with a purse so large there was no hope of ever exhausting its depths, it was feared that this young couple would not get along well. Two many sweets spoil life and there really seemed nothing to add the spice and the vinegar to it which are so necessary to life.

They went abroad, yachted, hired a villa in picturesque Southern France, sailed the Mediterranean, bivouacked along the Nile, had a good time at Cairo and picked up millions in Japan, only to come home and settle down as conventional married folk.

Now you can see them going to church together on Sunday, dining together on Monday, visiting the theater on Tuesday, taking in the opera during the season, and giving dinner parties all along the most conventional and most settled paths of old married life. If there is ever a froth to their romance they showed it not, and if ever there was a newness to be worn off they gave no hint of it. Such a highly conventional couple never before trod pavements of Gotham or wore off its asphalt with the latest automobile. Money and Manners and Talent Come Natural.

Mrs. Vanderbilt is very pretty and very sweet in manner also. Money and manners come so natural to her that she has never had to acquire the ways of either. As a child, she knew she was destined to millions and from babyhood she had a vast allowance of money upon which to draw. Her benefactions are numerous. She gives with system and without, and her name is inscribed upon all the leading tablets of Gotham. So numerous were the demands upon her at one time that she stopped personal giving and left all in the hands of a trusted secretary. Mrs. Vanderbilt's hobby is good clothes. She dresses with exquisite taste and imports many of her gowns. She is always well groomed and has no personal odors.

She follows the fashions rigidly and in summer is a short-skirted girl, in the winter, a devotee of the long. It is said that the couple started off with some fear of the ultimate results of the marriage experiment. But this is undisturbed. The story is that each feared that marriage was not all it was cracked up to be. Mrs. Fair's father and mother had disagreed and Mr. Vanderbilt's father and mother also had been separated by divorce. Even then malicious rumor had it that Mrs. Oelrichs, the sister of the bride, was happier far away from her husband. What would be the result, what the outcome? Would it be happy or would marriage be a failure?

Two much money separates people, just as too little of it causes them to disagree, and with so much their friends shook their heads and predicted the worst. But a glance into Mrs. Vanderbilt's fearless eyes showed that she meant to do her best, while the young groom, a sweet tempered fellow, then only about twenty-one, revealed a sunniness that suggested no hint of a marital "scarp."

And the pair are succeeding wonderfully well. Mrs. Vanderbilt stands foremost in the estimation of old and young. Mrs. Astor approves of her and takes her under her wing and that is the best endorsement any woman can have; and all the elders of society speak lovingly of her.

As for her possessions, that is another story. Oh, the diamonds, oh, the emeralds, oh, the wonderful sapphires! A tiara bought for her by her husband rivals that of Queen Alexandra and a necklace is more beautiful than the one worn by Queen Margherita of Italy. Her jewels are kept in a great safe, which is opened by a trusty servant who is personally responsible for each jewel as it lies in its case. Mrs. Vanderbilt is said to be the most popular woman in New York society. Better to say that she is the most popular woman in the social world, for she is at home in London and in Paris as in New York, while California claims her as its own.

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Intuitive, but which is certainly not able to reason well or logically. They, however, are admirable persons when compared with those who at any time have the misfortune to place the lighted end of a cigar in their mouth. The mere fact that they cannot see a blunder is said to be evidence of extreme thoughtlessness, and for this reason sensible persons are cautioned not to have anything to do with them. A cigar tilted upward in the direction of the nose is said to be an unerring token of an energetic and impatient character, and, on the contrary, a cigar which is held in the opposite direction—namely, inclined toward the chin—is said to betoken melancholy and the habit of indulging in day dreams. Finally, a cigar which is held

steadily in a horizontal direction is an index of sang froid, indifference, and even often of unscrupulousness and want of character. That a man's profession or trade may, in many instances, be learned from the manner in which he smokes, the inventor of "cigarology" maintains, and as a proof of the truth of this statement he points out that politicians, as a rule, jealously guard a cigar between their lips and smoke it until it burns their nose and mustache, both of which acts are to be expected from men who are as a class, rather selfish and greedy. By similar reasoning he claims that persons who gnaw and roll with their lips the end of a cigar until it becomes a shapeless lump are extremely suspicious and rarely put complete trust in any one.

HOW ST. LOUIS CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT COMPOSITION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

The mind of the present day school child is soon cultivated so that he can express his ideas and thoughts in writing. Whatever he has to say he puts down in black and white. The following essays are the first efforts in composition writing by St. Louis school children. Specimen work of John Marshall school children:

The Month of May.
April showers, May flowers. The birds are building their nests. You need umbrellas in April. It rains very much in April. The flowers are beginning to grow. The birds come back this month. Laurence Duckworth, No. 422 Cote Brillante avenue.

My Doll Milly.
I have a doll. My doll's name is Milly. Milly has a silk dress. I play with my doll. I like my doll. Do you like my doll? I take her out for a walk. Mary Wood, No. 439 Easton avenue.

Sister Marie.
I have a little sister. Her name is Marie. She has a pair of roller skates. She can skate on them. I have a good mother. My Papa is away. We do not know when he will be home. Andrew Ward, No. 433 Cote Brillante avenue.

My Home.
I have a nice home. I have two sisters. I have one at home and one at school. I love my home. My home is in the city. I love my Mamma and Papa. Jerome Light, No. 433 Evans avenue.

My White Dog.
I have a big dog. I have two dogs. My dogs are sleeping now. My dog can run and jump. The dogs are good to me. My dog can bark. I like my dogs. He has white hair. Agnes Flavey, No. 436 Cote Brillante avenue.

The Cherry Blossoms.
We have some blossoms. They are white. They are pretty. They will be cherries. They are little. When the petals fall off the cherries will get big.

Mildred Kowsky, No. 123 North Broad way.

The American Flag.
Our flag is pretty. It has red and white stripes. The flag has a field. The field is blue. The field has some stars. Douglas Aleksowatsch, No. 130 North Broadway.

The Rainy Day.
To-day it is raining. When I was in the schoolyard I had my umbrella. The rain makes the flowers and the trees grow. The rain fills the brook. Mary Repetto, No. 816 Mount street.

A Day at the Park.
One day I went to the park. I saw a tree. The tree had some leaves on it. The leaves were red, yellow and brown. It was in autumn. Vera Ruse, No. 111 Cass avenue.

Charlie and His Glove.
I know a boy. His name is Charlie. He has a catching glove. I like Charlie because he lends me his glove. Charlie likes me too. Irving Hermann, No. 821 Tyler street.

The Birds and Their Home.
Thoughts of Desalines School children: Birds fly and sing in the tall trees. Many birds go south to live. They fly with their wings. Wesley Ashley, No. 309 North Broadway.

The Pretty Birds.
Birds have feet and they can walk. Birds can sing. Birds have wings. Birds have two wings. We have two yellow birds. Mamie Edwards, No. 121 North Fifteenth street.

Our Nice School.
Original compositions of Clifton Heights school children. I go to the Clifton Heights school. We have a nice large room. It has pictures on the wall and plants in the windows. We have nice books to read and we write stories. I play at recess. I jump the rope and take care of a garden. We have a big yard to play in. Mabel Sterns, No. 625 Clifton avenue.

The Blacksmith Shop.
I went to my Uncle's blacksmith shop. I saw a great many horses-shoes hanging up on the wall and some were in the barrel. The blacksmith shoes horses. I saw him take some iron and bend it into a horseshoe. The blacksmith works hard. Finner Ferguson.

POPE LEO'S COSTLY WARDROBE.

A great deal has been written and said about the gorgeous and costly wardrobes of the rulers of the earth, particularly those of the monarchs of the East, whose well-known love of splendor in dress has frequently led them to the acquisition of garments of almost priceless value. But the wardrobe of the most sumptuous of earthly rulers fades into absolute insignificance when compared with that of Pope Leo XIII, the spiritual father and ruler of the Church of Rome; for etiquette compels him to wear different garments every day of the year, and as nearly all of these are adorned with the most costly of gems, their value is such that no millionaire on earth could hope to possess them were they ever in the market.

These magnificent vestments are kept in three enormous chambers in the Loge Raphael, and are carefully guarded by a small army of attendants, whose sole duties are to keep them in order and in condition.

The different seasons of the year are marked by the wearing of vestments of special colors. For instance, during Lent nearly every garment—even including the papal shoes—is of a bright red hue. At Easter time white is the prevailing color, and at different functions and on special days of the year papal etiquette demands that the Holiness shall don dresses of differing colors and magnificence to befet the occasion.

Perhaps one of the best known of the Pope's garments is the little skull cap which appears in all the Pope's photographs. But even this, which is made of fine silk, varies in color and in thickness, according to the day and the season.

The slippers, also, are almost as numerous as the days in the year, and form no small item in the holy father's magnificent wardrobe. On all public occasions they are particularly gorgeous. Made of fine velvet, the right slipper is embroidered with a golden cross, upon which nearly all his Holiness's visitors are allowed to imprint a kiss at departing, while the left bears the crest of the Roman Church, namely, crossed keys surmounted by a tiara, and draped with a pallium.

The papal gloves are far more costly than the slippers. These are made of white wool, and are richly embroidered with fine pearls in the shape of a cross. The material for these gloves, and, indeed, for nearly all the wooden garments, is supplied by a family who have had the right to do so ever since 1566. For this purpose the family keeps a special herd of fifty sheep, whose wool is used only in the making of papal garments.

The surplices which are worn by the holy fathers when giving audiences are composed of the most valuable and beautiful lace, many hundreds of years old. The vestment is set off by a small cape, which just covers the shoulders, made of red silk interwoven with gold. Both these garments vary in weight at the different seasons of the year.

But perhaps one of the most costly of the Pope's dresses is the "capa magna," which, however, is very seldom worn. It is a long cape, hanging straight from the shoulders to the ground, and is fairly gleaming with gold and precious stones from top to bottom. So thickly, indeed, are the gems set that its weight makes it almost impossible for the aged Pope to carry it.

The most interesting vestment, however, and also perhaps the most simple, is the pallium. This is a narrow long strip of white lamb's wool, which is worn round the neck and hangs terminating over the left shoulder, both back and front. It is quite unadorned, save for a golden cross at the two ends.

A large number of these palliums are kept for the Pope, each of which, before using, is first laid upon the sarcophagus of St. Peter. The wool of which they are made comes from a few lambs specially set apart for the purpose. Every year, on January 21, a certain number of young lambs are brought to the Pope for his blessing, the ceremony being very impressive. At its conclusion they are taken to a convent near Rome and kept there for a year, during which time they are fed on the most sumptuous of foods. As soon as the year is over they are shorn and their wool is spun and woven for fresh palliums by the nuns.

There are, of course, many other garments used for special occasions, but these are too numerous to mention in detail. The rings, however, which are worn by his Holiness are particularly worthy of notice, for in his rings, of which he is very fond, are set some of the most valuable gems in the world. Only three, however, can be called official. The first is the well-known fisherman's ring (so called because of the representation on the stone of St. Peter fishing), with which the Pope seals nearly all his letters. This ring is destroyed at each Pope's death, and a fresh one made for the successor. The only remarkable feature of the other two rings is their pricelessness. They are scarcely ever off the papal hand.

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MISS ELLA LUCILLE KENIHAN.
Six-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Kenihan, No. 4129 Cleveland avenue.

STRONG AND WEAK MEN'S CHARACTERS Revealed by the Way They Smoke Cigars.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

"Cigarology" is the title of a new art, the rules of which have been formulated after years of study by a European psychologist. Its object is to reveal character, and its aim is made that in no other way can the character of a stranger be more readily discovered than by observing the manner in which he smokes. The reason is because in society all persons conform more or less to long-established rules, and thus there is very little difference between one person and another.

No rules, however, have been laid down as to the manner in which a man shall smoke, and, as no two men smoke in exactly the same manner, it is possible, says the inventor of this new art, to learn the character of every smoker whom one may meet. Here are the rules to be observed, and they apply to all persons, whether they smoke pipes, cigars or cigarettes.

The man who holds his pipe carefully in the corner of his mouth, letting it hang down, is a nonchalant, indolent person, and, on the other hand, the man who grasps it so firmly between his teeth that marks are left on the amber mouthpiece is nervous and high-strung.

Generosity, courtesy and loyalty are the characteristics of a man who fills his pipe recklessly and rapidly and who sends forth irregular puffs of smoke, but, admirable

though his character is in these respects, his friendship is not likely to last very long, and implicit confidence should at no time be placed in him. Coldness, reserve and caution are, on the contrary, the salient characteristics of a man who fills his pipe slowly and methodically and who smokes with the regularity of an automaton.

The results, however, obtained from a pipe are not by any means equal in value to those which are furnished by a cigar. Many smokers carry their cigars in the upper left-hand pockets of their vests, and they want to have them at hand whenever they feel a desire to smoke. They may have a dozen clear cases, yet they will not use them, simply because it takes a little longer to open a case and take a cigar out of it than it does to take a cigar from the vest pocket. In other words, these men are disinclined at any time to make any gesture which is not absolutely necessary.

Of a quite different type are those who bite off the end of the cigar with their teeth. Prodigals and devil-may-care fellows they are, and woe to him who loans them any money except on the best security. Cigars, the ends of which are bitten off in this manner, are very likely to unroll, and time must be spent in arranging them, moreover, very often they cannot be arranged and must be thrown away, all of which, it is claimed, is convincing proof

that men who act thus set no value on time or money.

Fastidious men, after lighting their cigars, hold them, not only between their teeth and their lips, but also with two, three, four or even with all the fingers of the left hand, and, after smoking for awhile, they remove them from their mouths and examine the lighted ends carefully to see if everything is in order, and especially if the fire is burning steadily and evenly. Men who act thus never waste any words and are generally shrewd and prudent. As a rule, they are worthy of confidence, which cannot be said of those who send forth the smoke from the two corners of their mouths in two divergent jets, since they are eccentric and unreliable.

Men who are quick tempered or of a lively temperament hardly touch the tip of the cigar with their teeth, and after two or three puffs they take it from the mouth and hold it in the hand. In other matters they act similarly; that is, they do everything by fits and starts and find it impossible to adhere very long to any fixed course of action.

Absent-minded men, on the other hand, frequently let the cigar go out, and if they are not very choice in their taste try to light it again. Akin to them are the men who, after smoking for a while, let the cigar go out and then throw it away—an infallible sign, according to the inventor of "cigarology," of a mind which may be very